1: Jenness--162
116, 593, 562

(1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo

"Marriage involves no subjection on the part of the woman. She has her own sphere of activity, and within that she is as supreme as her husband is in his. All important matters, such as the migrating to another settlement, are discussed between them before any decision is taken. Both within and without the house she behaves as the equal of the men. Her voice is heard in the dance-house when any deliberations are in progress, even in the hunting field when caribou are sighted and a drive is to be organized. Some of the women are shamans, and so obtain a considerable influence in the communities to which they belong. Yet they can never attain to a full equality, because from the physical weakness inherent in their sex the heaviest tasks must be left for the men to perform, and these tasks, the procuring of food and the construction of a home, are precisely those that are the most vital to their existence. Nevertheless woman meets with far more consideration and respect among the Eskimos than falls to their lot among most races."

1: Jenness--162-163 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 593, 578

"Quarrels between husband and wife are not of course uncommon, but they are usually soon patched up and as quickly forgotten. In the summer of 1915 Avranna and Milukkattak had a quarrel. Milukkattak wept long and loudly, and refused to go fishing with the rest of us. She fasted all day and would not listen to her husband when he tried to make peace with her in the evening; but next morning they settled their quarrel, and everything went smoothly again.

A more exciting quarrel arose one night in Ikpakhuak's hut. Something struck me on the head as I lay asleep and awakened me. In the middle of the floor was Ikpakhuak, thrashing Higilak with the back of his tomahawk, while she was stooping down and butting her husband in the stomach. Fearing that the woman might be injured I sprang up to stop the fight, but Ikpakhuak threw his tomahawk into a corner and scrambled back into bed again. He cast a wink at me before rolling over in his sleeping-bag, then pretended to be sound asleep. His wife, after looking at him in silence for a few minutes, relieved her feelings by expressing her plain, unvarnished opinion of his conduct, then slowly undressed and crawled in beside him. Next morning they were both joking over the quarrel. It seems that one of the dogs had climbed up on the roof during the night and awakened the old couple by scratching on the hard snow. Their yells and curses having no effect Ikpakhuak had finally ordered Higilak to get up and drive it down. It was a bitterly cold night, and Higilak's vexation at having to turn out of her snug sleep-

ing-bag was doubled when she found that the dog had ripped to pieces one of her finest garments. She came inside and blamed Ikpakhuak, saying that he had built the wall too low and adding a few more remarks of a very uncomplimentary nature. This enraged the old man; he sprang out of bed to punish her, and their scuffle had awakened me.

These two had another quarrel in the spring of 1916. Higilak was an inveterate chatterer, and her strident voice could be heard long before she was near the door of our station at Bernard harbour. But one day she came in [163] very quietly, closed the door behind her, and leaned her back against it without saying a word. We were wondering at her unusual silence when suddenly we noticed that one of her eyelids was badly swollen and surrounded with a large black ring. I asked her who had caused her black eye, and she said 'Ikpakhuak, with his fist'; but when I asked her why, all she would say was that he was angry, and that she herself had done nothing to cause his anger. She was afraid to go back to her tent, so I went over to see Ikpakhuak and hear his version of the matter. The old man was whittling a stick in his tent, and looked rather sullen when I entered, for he knew that Higilak had been over to our house. We talked about the hunting for a while and the chances of more caribou appearing, then, suddenly changing the subject, I asked him why he had struck Higilak in the eye. 'Oh, she talked too much,' he answered, with a look that implied, 'You know what a chatter-

box she is.' The affair was over as far as he was concerned, and Higilak might safely return as soon as she wished. Half an hour later the two of them were laughing together in their tent and Higilak was making fun of her attractive appearance.

Jealousy is probably the commonest source of trouble. Higilak was very proud and jealous of her husband and would ridicule her possible rivals on every conceivable occasion. Generally speaking, though, the women are well treated by their husbands, and the longer a couple has been married the less they tend to quarrel."

1: Jenness--170 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 593

"The Rev. Mr. Girling tells me of a very touching custom that he witnessed on two or three occasions. He was travelling along the coast with an Eskimo from Bathurst inlet when the native met his aged mother, whom he had not seen for many years. The old woman lifted up the front of her coat, exposing her breast, and her son reverently stooped down and touched it with his lips. However rude and uncultured these Eskimos may be, the bond that binds the mother to her child is an enduring one, lasting as long as life itself."

3: Rasmussen--19
116, 152, 578, 593

(c. 1923) 1932

Copper Eskimo

"Of course there are bad men too, whose example frightens. Arshuk, for instance, one of the actors in the affair just described, once in his passion tore the clothes off his two wives and threw them naked out into the snow, where he beat them. When the women took courage to threaten him with the mounted police, he immediately declared that he would kill every white man who dared to mix up in his family matters. He undoubtedly meant every word of his threat; at any rate it caused the manager at the adjacent trading post to make his will, and after that he never unarmed visited his fox traps, which were set not far from Arshuk's house.

This case is a fairly isolated one, and all relations between man and wife, as everywhere else in the world, are to a great extend dependent on the tempers of the respective spouses. Among these people there are by no means a few long-tongued women who can make even the coolest man boil over, just as of course there are excitable and unreasonable men who get their deserts when their women run away from them. One thing that is practically common to them all is the swift and absolute manner in which they react in anger. My host told me, for instance, that our neighbour Quershoq, 'cough', a good-natured giant and a splendid hunter, had recently tried to shoot himself simply because his wife was 'aggravating'."

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Good waterboots, boots, that is to say, that would actually keep out the water, required very skilful sewing. If the thread gave out when making a seam the woman did not simply knot it and start afresh, but she carefully spliced a new thread into the end of the old; and she greased both the thread and the skin with blubber to prevent any tearing at the punctures. Men commonly tested a new pair of waterboots by standing in water, and unmercifully scolded their wives if the result proved unsatisfactory. [193]

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Figure 14. Man's outer stockings. IV.D.975, 772. Approx. 1/3.

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Outer Stockings. The Copper Eskimo never wore an outer pair of stockings (*mitqolik*) except with sealskin shoes, because they were a needless encumbrance under the spring and summer boots. Like the latter, they reached to just below the knees, where either a casing was added or their upper edges stitched down to hold the cord of sinew that fastened in front of the leg and kept them in place. The outer side of the stocking, of course, was always furred. We may distinguish four varieties. The first and commonest, called simply *mitqolik* (Figure 13), was made from caribou leg skins, in which the hair lies flat and smooth; the second, *kamakpak*, from the body coat of the caribou, in which the [192]

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

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• 593

Ikpuck and Icehouse.

[p. ii]

ings for us, stand shyly inside the doorway, kicking their feet together restlessly as though knocking off the snow. Every one is tired after the day's journey, and as soon as the meal is ended strips off his clothes, tucks them under his head for a pillow, and glides into a sleeping-bag of caribou fur. Mrs. Light is the last to retire, for she still has some small duties to perform. She calls in the dogs from the passageway, one by one, throws them a few strips of blubber, and drives them out with the snow-duster, a short stick for beating the snow from our garments. Then she adjusts the lamp for the night, turns our boots and mittens so that they will dry on both sides, fits the snow-block into the doorway to keep out the cold air and the dogs, and slips quickly into her husband's "double" bag of caribou fur. Most of the inmates sleep with their mouths open, and their loud snores reverberating inside the hut drown the less resonant notes of the dogs in the passage.

Leaving Putulik, I rejoined my late acquaintances on Victoria Island. The sun no longer climbed above the horizon, and the "day" was limited to the twilight hours from 9:30 A.M. to 2:30 P.M.; but a bright moon lit up the trail for me during the last three hours of the journey. The tribe was still living in the same settlement, for the women had not completed all the new fur clothes their families required during the winter months, and it would violate one of their most rigid taboos to finish the sewing on the sea-ice,

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

p 42-G.

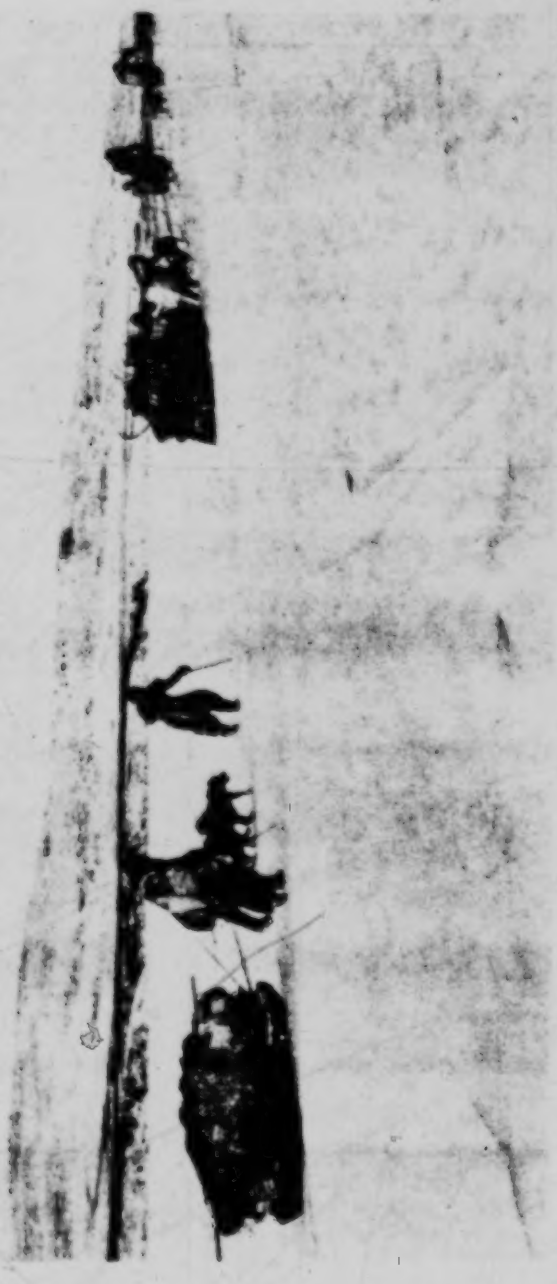

Photo by J. J. O'Neill.

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Wives and daughters pulled in front of the dogs.

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

guide and asked, "Who is this woman, and why does she follow us?" "It's only Snow-Knife's wife," he answered. "She is coming with us to visit her two sisters. Don't trouble about her. She will stay with me throughout our journey, and in the meantime my wife will live with Snow-Knife."

Marriage here was evidently not the institution we are taught to reverence. This woman had openly traded husbands for a few days in order to visit her relatives; and there were times when men seemed to exchange wives without even that excuse. I had read of the custom in books, but its impression was different when it occurred before my own eyes without the least attempt at concealment. It became more intelligible later, with fuller knowledge of their domestic life. The people were not really immoral, for they were doing no wrong according to the standards of life handed down to them through countless generations; and the transfer of wedlock was not made indiscriminately, but according to definite regulations. A man often had wives in half a dozen different tribes, some of whom he saw only once in his lifetime; and the wives had other husbands. But their children were all his children, forbidden to marry one another; and if ever he visited the tribe to which one of his wives belonged he received a cordial welcome, and was free to hunt and seal in its territory like the regular members of the community. A stranger in an Eskimo tribe

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

837 A stranger in an Eskimo tribe
609 was a potential enemy who could be killed at sight;
628 but by this system of temporarily exchanging wives the natives could travel in safety from one end of the country to the other.

114 So Mrs. Snow-Knife, or Mrs. Wealthy, as she now became for a few days, accompanied us to the village of the "People of the Land on the Other Side." She arranged the skins and meagre furniture of our snow-huts, tended the lamp, and boiled the seal meat for our
574 evening meal. I witnessed her meeting with her two
• 593 sisters, one much older than herself, the other a maiden of about fifteen years. She herself rejoiced without effusion; the maiden displayed more interest in the white man's sled than in the sister of whom she had heard nothing for nine months; but the eldest woman sat in her hut and wept copiously throughout the evening. They were typically human in their outlooks, these three sisters dwelling where the midday twilight and the midnight sun follow each other season after season. The young girl was just beginning life and her hopes were all in the future; Mrs. Snow-Knife had been married several years and held both the past and the future in an equal balance; but the eldest woman, though still in the prime of life, bore the stamp of hardship on her face and her mind was already looking backward.

574 The "People of the Land on the Other Side" were
535 too hospitable not to hold the usual dance in our

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

wife. Their seventeen-year-old son Misty was Jennie's favourite companion; the two played at housekeeping together, snared small birds, and shot at ptarmigan with their bows and arrows. Chatterbox, a nephew of Icehouse, was a big, phlegmatic individual who abhorred quarrels and shirked the responsibility of ever taking the initiative. Himself a silent man, despite his name, his main trouble in life was to check the gossip of his wife, who outmatched Icehouse in her zeal for prying into the affairs of other people; but there was no malice in her gossip, and the two lived happily together, well liked by all their associates. Probably a physical peculiarity in Chatterbox contributed not a little to their matrimonial felicity; he was the only man in the country whose head was almost bald, and his wife was proud of his distinction. Why their seven-year-old son should be nearly as bald as his father was not easy to explain; it was certainly not due to disease, for these Eskimos had no infectious diseases.

Parted-Hair, the last hunter in our party, and the sole representative of Ikpuck's family line, was a young man who had married a woman twenty years his senior. His face was exceptionally short and flat, his nose almost swallowed up in his other features, so that even the most charitable of his countrymen could hardly call him prepossessing. Toward the children his manner was somewhat overbearing, but he always showed marked respect to his elders, especially to his

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

Ikpuck turned to me. "Did you see her?" he asked. 574 837
But Icehouse cut short my reply. "The ridiculous creature. She can't dance, she can't even sing, but she's shameless enough to make love to a handsome man like you, Ikpuck. Did you ever see such an uncouth woman?"

Her tirade seemed never-ending. Even Ikpuck 593
wearied of it, though her flattering remarks about his good looks pleased his vanity. The poor woman was passionately fond of her husband, and the incident rankled in her memory for months. Gossiping with others she might mock the high-pitched voice and awkward gestures of her Tormiat rival, but in secret she brooded fearfully. She remembered her earlier widowhood, when her beauty was at its height and Ikpuck had divorced his first wife in order to marry her. They had hoped she would give him a son to sustain him in his old age; but their marriage was fruitless. Now she was growing old. Would he send her also away and take some younger woman who might grant him his heart's desire?

Icehouse had no reason for alarm. Ikpuck reciprocated her affection, and his thoughts never strayed to other fields. The old couple bickered like children, but their petty quarrels only held them more closely together. Every one knew that Icehouse's [597]
shrewd tongue concealed a generous heart, and little Knife-Blade, their adopted child, satisfied

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

593 Ikpuck's longing for a son. So their home life was complete.

[152] Nevertheless the Tormiat woman disturbed Ice-house's peace of mind. She shrank from remaining in the same camp with her rival, and entreated Ikpuck to lead back our party to the Lake of Dancing. Ikpuck consulted me, and we agreed to depart on the morrow.

574 535 The natives from the Great Sound joined us in a dance of farewell, and we started on the homeward march.

372 The snow was melting everywhere, and the women, skirting the ridges, filled their bags with dryads to cook our evening meal. We wandered along like bees, sipping at every thimbleful of water that collected [137] in the cracked soil. A few pink saxifrages were open-[136] ing out their blossoms, and Lapland longspurs sang gaily all around. My companions laughed and chattered as, marching steadily, we re-entered the Colville Hills. But when we approached a knoll slightly higher than the others Ikpuck raised his voice and wept 765 shrilly. Yonder, on its crest, lay the bleaching bones of his only brother who had died six years before; and of all his family he alone remained. The whole train wailed aloud in sympathy, the hills echoed their cries, and the frightened longspurs crouched silent in the moss. Slowly our gloomy procession trailed past the fatal site; but when it lay far behind us my companions ceased their wailing and filled the air again with cheerful laughter.

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

of which we shot. The heads and limbs we buried in the snow to collect the following day; The Runner took one of the carcasses on his back, I took the other, and Leaf carried the two hares. After we had proceeded thus for about a mile The Runner changed burdens with his wife, who accepted without a murmur. I promptly changed with him, and a few minutes after with Leaf again, giving her back the hares. But packing was still a new experience to me, and though I reached the camp without mishap, I deeply rued my gallantry the next morning when a thousand pains shot through my neck every time I turned my head.

A fortnight's fishing exhausted the bay and compelled us to make another move. It mattered little which way we turned, for every ridge bounded a lake that contained both trout and salmon. But since the total catch would be greater if we scattered our forces and settled on different lakes the families separated. The Listener went south, The Chatterbox north, Parted-Hair north-east, and Ikpuck and The Runner east.

This dispersal of the individual families completed one half of the strange cycle through which the Eskimos passed year after year. They reacted to the seasons, to their constantly changing environment, more than most of the inhabitants of our globe. The problem of obtaining life's basic needs, food, clothing, and shelter, left little time for other thoughts; and the seals and caribou that furnished them with food, fur-

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

221 361 caribou. After two days' marching we set up the tents on the shore of a small lake and discussed our hunting program. Ikpuck and The Runner agreed to scour the land to the northward, where the hills sloped away toward Big Lake. I myself chose the higher land to the south-east, whence I could gain a wider view of the country and perhaps discover some rock-exposure that would indicate the geological formation. Leaf wanted to go with her husband, and Jennie insisted on sharing their fun. As for Icehouse, she was content to fish near camp with little Knife-Blade.

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We went our several ways in the morning, but an hour after we separated a dense fog settled over the land. I turned back immediately, and by good luck gained the camp again. Some of the dogs were prowling among the tents, and Icehouse and Knife-Blade were fishing just below, but of Ikpuck and his party there was no sign. I sent Knife-Blade home to guard the camp and fished in the lake all day with Icehouse. From time to time the fog lifted for a few minutes, but closed in again as densely as before. Toward midnight, when the light faded a little, we returned to the tents, ate some dried fish, and tumbled into our sleeping-bags.

484 513 821 372 252 821 Icehouse became alarmed when the fog continued unchanged next day. She knew that the hunters were in no danger of starvation, for they all carried fishing-lines. Even if they were unable to cook their fish

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

they were no worse off than ourselves, for the few dryads growing round our camp were too damp even to smoulder, and the semi-dried fish we ate for breakfast and supper were hard on the outside, but perfectly raw within. It was the exposure she dreaded, especially for her little daughter Jennie. She fretted about the child all through the morning, and several times I heard her cry to the fog, "Go away. No one wants you. You make us cold and uncomfortable;" just as white children call to the rain:

"Rain, rain, go to Spain,
Never show your face again."

Her anxiety increased toward evening, and she adopted sterner measures. She tied a cord around her face to distort her features, and with a set fox-trap in one hand and a knife in the other, defied the fog with threats and mocking laughter. Knife-Blade and myself, holding her arms, echoed her mockery. "You're a pesky nuisance," she cried, flinging the trap to the ground, where it sprang with a snap. She thrust the two weapons into my hands, distorted my face, and bade me intimidate the fog in the same way; and I repeated her cries, adding a few words of honest English for good measure. Then she re-entered her tent, rolled my jacket into a bundle, and summoned into it, one by one, all the offended spirits that had occasioned the untimely weather. Some were the

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

BREAD FROM THE WATERS

A T-shaped lake larger than most of the lakes in the vicinity was the site of our next camp. We deposited our packs on its shore and went out on the ice to fish.

Ikpuck and I dug holes, but Icehouse wandered over to a sun-lit pool at one corner and dropped in her line. It hooked a trout even before it touched bottom, and in the space of four hours she drew from this one spot twenty-nine trout and two salmon, although Ikpuck and I, who dug holes not a hundred yards behind her, caught only ten trout between us. It may have been the sunlight alone that attracted the fish; more probably the stream that rushed down the neighbouring slope washed many insects into the pool and made it an unusually rich feeding-ground.

My family thoroughly enjoyed the solitude and freedom of our new camping-place, where we could come and go, eat and sleep, as fancy moved us. The children, Jennie and Knife-Blade, counted this period a holiday, and when fishing grew monotonous, stripped off their clothes and splashed in the water, or snared the longspurs and sandpipers, or shot at ptarmigan with their bows and arrows. Sometimes they vanished for several hours, and returned in the early morning, while we were sleeping, merely to eat and rest before their next excursion. Their parents imposed no restraints on them and exacted no duties. Whenever they were absent, and Icehouse wanted to cook, Ikpuck, forgetting the pride of a hunter, would fill

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

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462 her bag with dryads and bring her water from the lake. No eye but mine saw his undignified conduct, and I was one of the family.

224 Leaving Icehouse here at her fishing, Ikpuck and I went east to look for caribou. The succession of ridges and lakes continued unbroken, and by dropping our lines here and there through promising cracks in the ice we captured five trout. In the evening we sighted our first caribou, two bulls grazing in a meadow of green moss beside a distant lake. There was no cover within a thousand yards, but we stalked them patiently for several hours and at last managed to crawl near enough on hands and knees to drop both animals at the first volley. Then, piling the carcasses in a heap for Icehouse and Jennie to bring in later, we started back for camp fifteen or more miles away, packing only the skins and hind-quarters. I was very weary, for we had travelled twenty-four hours and eaten nothing; and once, as we rested on the brow of a hill, I fell
539 sound asleep. But Ikpuck gently wakened me, saying
[484] that our limbs would grow stiff if we lingered too long; and to beguile the march he related quaint stories of the Eskimo "long ago." Most of them were about birds and animals, and resembled Æsop's fables without the morals. Although I was too weary to pay much heed to them, one story concerning a giant remained in my memory.

"You remember Putulik," he said, "the island where

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

solitary vigil, it certainly left no traces in her appearance or mode of greeting. Her people, unlike other Eskimo tribes, never voluntarily abandoned the aged and infirm to die of cold and starvation, but prolonged their closing years with loving care. Parents and children were united by tender bonds that neither time nor distance dissolved. I once witnessed the chance meeting of an old woman with her middle-aged son who had been living in a remote tribe for many years; the stalwart hunter knelt in the snow at her feet, and, as she raised her jacket, reverently touched with his lips the breast that had nourished him in childhood.

A little north of our camp, Bad Creek cut through an outcrop of dolomite, forming a narrow S-shaped cañon a quarter of a mile long and forty feet deep. The locality was very familiar to my companions. From a ledge just under the brow of the cliff we dropped our hooks into a deep pool, and in a few hours hauled out seven large trout. (Whether any trout remained in the pool all winter, or whether they ascended to a lake before the freeze-up, I do not know; above and below there was less than three feet of water in the stream, which would freeze to the bottom before Christmas.) A gravel beach at the outlet of the cañon contained numerous pebbles of iron pyrites, used by the natives for striking fire; and a neighbouring meadow was white with the seeds of the cotton-grass that supplied both tinder and wicks for the lamps. The

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

few days, and only occasional stragglers appeared in the vicinity. Our comrades to the west, who wished to inspect their caches before returning to the hills, moved over and camped beside us. But the evening after their arrival Icehouse quarrelled with The Chatterbox's wife concerning some blubber that was given to the dogs, and, after exchanging real Billingsgate, reduced her adversary to tears. Ikpuck scolded her and retired to bed. The remainder of the party soon followed his example; but when Icehouse, lingering to the last, crept in beside her husband, he sternly ordered her to sleep in an empty sealskin tent that we used for a kitchen. She protested vehemently, for a cold north wind was blowing and the thermometer nearly at zero. At a repetition of the order she began to dress, but he tore the clothes from her hands and snapped, "Get out." The poor woman, speechless with terror, fled through the tent door naked, and disappeared into the darkness. I said to Ikpuck, "Tell her to come in again. She will freeze to death." He slipped on his jacket and looked inside the cooking-tent. It was empty, nor did he know where she had gone. Five minutes later I found her in the tent of Parted-Hair's family, shivering under a spare caribou robe; but when I urged her to return she answered, "Ikpuck is too angry with me. I am afraid." I assured her that she would suffer no harm, and, returning to my sleeping-bag, told Ikpuck to drop the

matter. He pretended to be sound asleep when she stole in, and the camp relapsed into silence, except that now and then a low sob issued from the tent of The Chatterbox, who had disciplined his wife by tearing her coat from top to bottom. Icehouse was unusually quiet in the morning, and our visitors departed abruptly for the hills. So once more our tent stood solitary.

In order to protect ourselves more effectively from the weather we moved into the sealskin cooking-tent, built a low rampart of turf around its base, and covered the roof with caribou hides. The small lamp that Icehouse had discovered on a grave kept our new quarters comparatively snug, and its pale, warm glow streaming through the half-open door guided us home in the darkness from our weary hunts. The weather was stormier now, the nights much longer; in a few more weeks the sun would set for its midwinter sleep. This shortness of the daylight restricted our excursions, so that we added no more than two caribou to the total we had laid aside in our caches. Sometimes we did not go hunting at all, but kept watch in turn from the look-out post and scraped caribou hides inside the tent. Icehouse made herself a pair of trousers from a skin that I scraped, and, rising at 2 A.M. a morning or two afterward, made a similar garment for me by the light of her blubber-lamp. So the days passed monotonously. At last Ikpuck decided that it

29: Jenne[redacted] E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

CHAPTER XII

THROUGH BLIZZARDS TO SPRING

A BURNING passion was inflaming the heart of The Runner, Icehouse's son. He craved for a Winchester rifle, like the .44 he had used so successfully against the polar bear; and he offered me anything he owned in exchange for one. If he could not earn it by teaching me the native traditions, of which he knew too little, he could at least guide me to the eastern natives, introduce me to them as his adopted brother, and in that way help my researches. His wife, Leaf, pleaded in his favour; but she made me promise, quite unnecessarily as it happened, that I would protect him from the wiles of the women in the

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

Musk-ox land and restore him without delay, whole in body and untouched in heart. "Men are so foolish with women," she added, noting his tolerant smile.

Four of us, then, The Runner, Girling, Patsy, and myself, piled our belongings upon a sled and turned our faces eastward. Close to Locker Point, we reached a village of the Coppermine River natives, where signs of starvation confronted us on every side. The women, sheltered behind low walls of snow, were fishing for tom-cod to replace the seals their husbands could not catch; the lamps burned low in many of the huts, or were extinguished from lack of oil; and the hungry children gathered round our tent to beg for food. During the two days we stayed in their village we invited as many as we could to share our meals; but when they uncovered our sled in the darkness, broke into a box of hard biscuits, and emptied twenty-five pounds of rice into their mittens, we brushed the snow of their settlement from our shoes and resumed the interrupted march.

Our next stopping-place was a small settlement near the mouth of Tree River, a hundred miles farther east. The inhabitants turned out as usual to greet us, and after the first salutations, an elderly man, who appeared to be the leader of the band, invited us to enter his hut. There his daughter, a young woman about twenty years of age, was skilfully flensing a freshly killed seal. Her greasy clothes, dishevelled hair, gory arms, and